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GILDEROY.

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness, nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine;
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And centcr'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favor'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, she
Employ'd the utmost of her art;
To make a lover, he.

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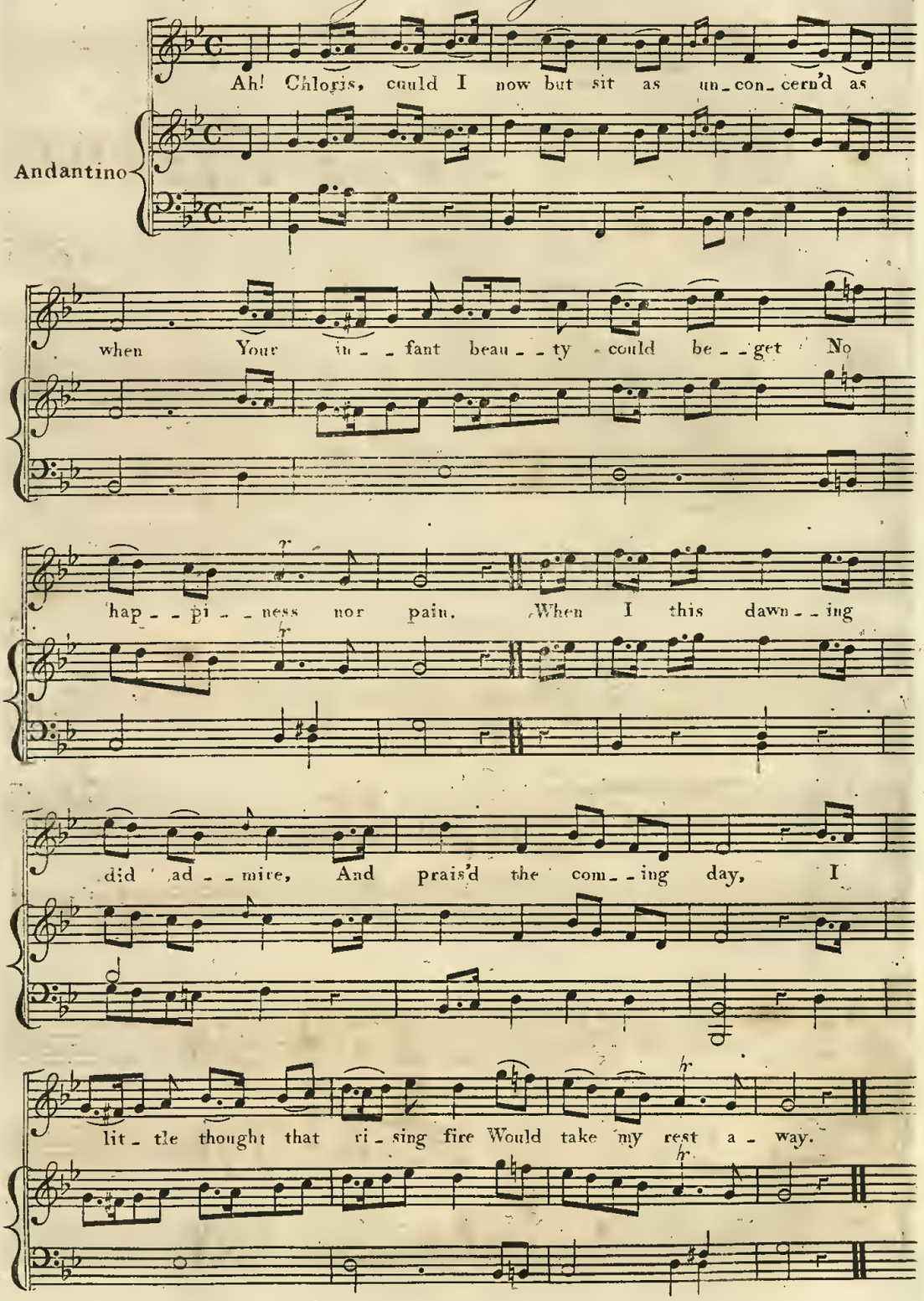
Gilderoy.



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